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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

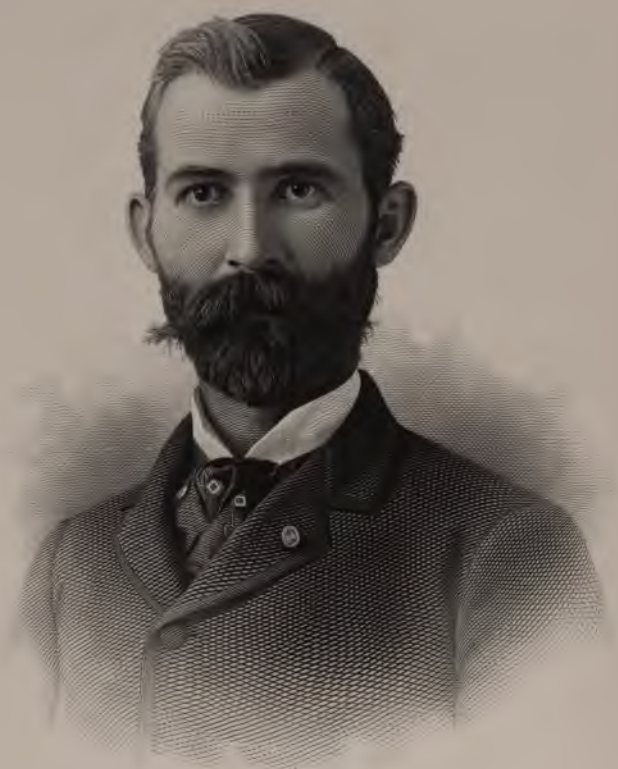
ON THE

Life and Services

OF

MARCUS CLAIBORNE LISLE

JAN. 19—MARCH 1, 1895



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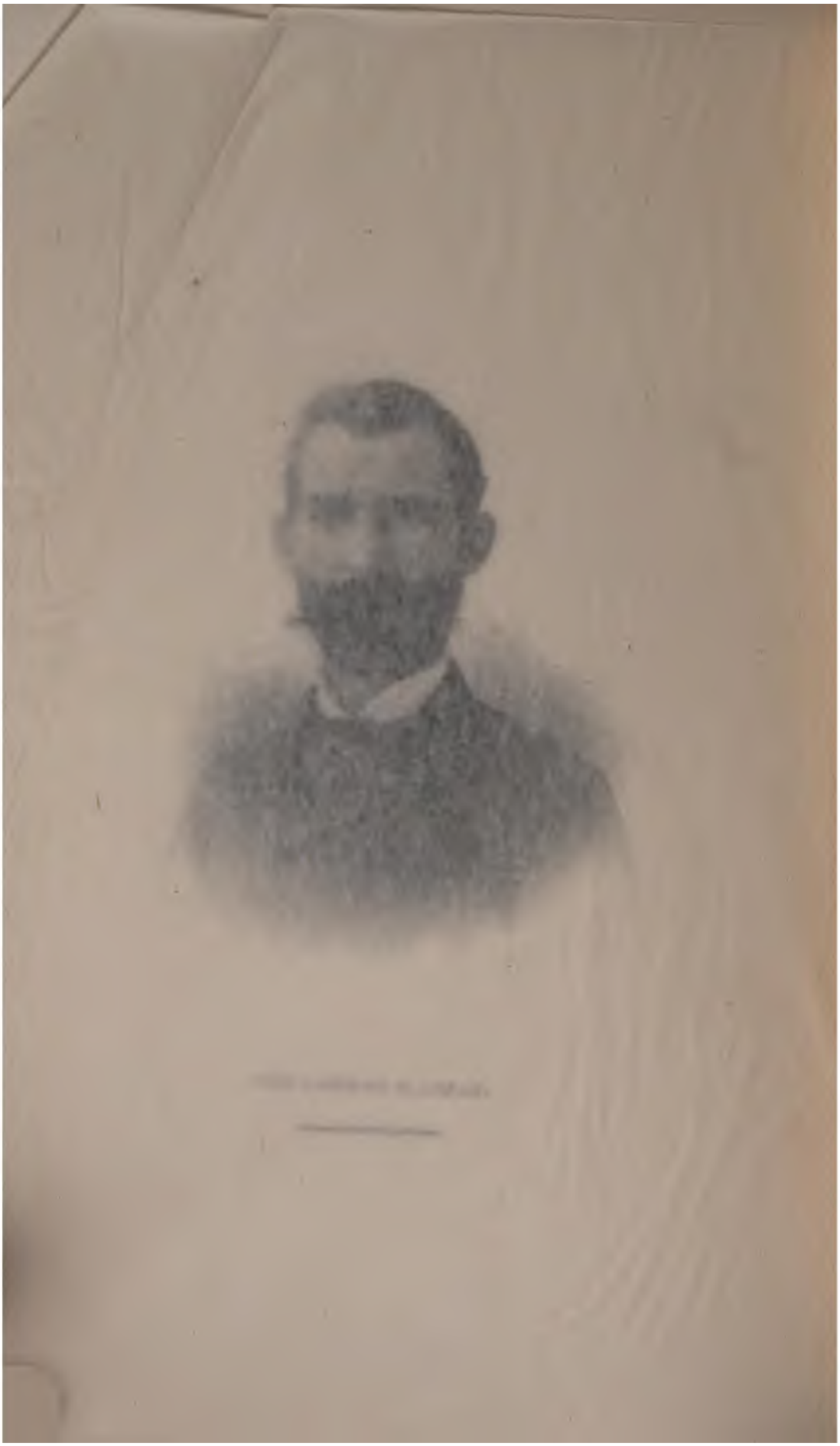

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

MARCUS CLAIBORNE LISLE

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
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DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE LISLE.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

JULY 7, 1894.

The following prayer was made by the Chaplain, Rev. E. B. Bagby:

O Lord, Thou great dispenser of all human events, we come to Thee this morning with hearts bowed with profound sorrow at the loss of our gifted brother, who has been cut off in the prime of his young manhood. O Lord, wilt Thou be gracious to the members of his family; save and comfort them in the hour of their affliction; sustain them by Thy Holy Spirit; and may they submit with patient resignation to Thy divine commands. Impress on all hearts the lesson of the hour. May we hear Thy warning voice—be ye also ready. Prepare us for living, prepare us for dying, and save us by Thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

* * * * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

Mr. MCCREARY of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of MARCUS CLAIBORNE LISLE, late a Representative in Congress from the State of Kentucky. He died early this morning at his home near Winchester, Ky.

He was born September 23, 1862, in Clark County, Ky. Though young in years, he had become very prominent as a lawyer, legislator, and business man. In the year 1890 he was elected county judge of the county in which he was born and reared. In 1892 he was elected a Representative in Congress, and was therefore serving his first term at the time of his death.

He was a true friend, a pure patriot, and an accomplished gentleman, and he was loved and respected by all who knew him. In all the positions of honor and trust held by him he was conspicuous for his ability, integrity, and fidelity to duty.

At this time I will not indulge in any extended remarks on the life, character, and public services of our deceased colleague and friend, but in the future I will ask the House of Representatives to set apart a day for the commemoration of his virtues and public services, and for appropriate action in regard to his death. I now ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the members of the House of Representatives have heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend the funeral of the deceased, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House shall take proper action for superintending the funeral and for attending the remains of the deceased at the place of burial; and the necessary expense incurred by the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate to the Senate a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair will name the following committee in pursuance of the resolution just adopted: Mr.

McCreary of Kentucky, Mr. Berry, Mr. Taylor of Indiana, Mr. Paynter, Mr. Draper, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Pence.

DECEMBER 10, 1894.

Mr. MCCREARY of Kentucky. I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of a resolution fixing a time for the delivery of eulogies on the life and public services of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the Tenth district of Kentucky.

The resolution was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the third Saturday in January, 1895, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the life and services of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the Tenth district of Kentucky.

There being no objection, the resolution was considered, and agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

JANUARY 19, 1895.

The SPEAKER. There is a special order for 2 o'clock, if gentlemen are ready to proceed with it.

The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the third Saturday in January, 1895, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the life and services of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the Tenth district of Kentucky.

Mr. MCCREARY of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I ask for the present consideration of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended, that his associates may be able to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished service.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall at the conclusion of these ceremonies adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the prime and vigor of early manhood, with a life only half spent, his noble qualities opening the way to success and renown and the glory of his achievements just beginning to reach fruition, Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE died on the 7th day of July, 1894.

He had been a member of Congress but little more than one year when his failing health compelled him to return to his home in Kentucky. His last words to me were, "I am going home to rest awhile;" but the death summons came sooner than expected and his rest was eternal. He yielded to the decree that—

> All that lives must die,
> Passing through nature to eternity.

I was present with the Congressional committee at his funeral. The eloquent tributes paid to his memory and the vast concourse of his neighbors and constituents who were present showed how sincerely he was respected, admired, and loved.

While the air was redolent with the perfume of summer flowers and musical with the songs of birds, and all nature suggested life and joy, we buried him beside his loved ones who preceded him, and realized that—

> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Mr. Speaker, the death roll of our public men is lengthening rapidly. What a roll of honor we would have if the names of those on whom we have relied as leaders in national affairs in the last quarter of a century could all

be written together. A great source of satisfaction and consolation, however, in our great country is that no matter who dies the Republic still lives and continues in its career of unprecedented liberty and glory daily, showing that as great actors in the drama of life disappear from the stage of action others seize the torch of freedom and guard it as valiantly and keep it as bright as those who preceded them.

The people of the Congressional district in which we buried him to whose memory we now pay tribute in a little more than two years mourned the death of two of their Congressmen. Just twenty-eight months before Hon. John W. Kendall, then a Representative of the same Congressional district, died in the prime and vigor of a splendid manhood while ably and faithfully discharging his duties.

MARCUS C. LISLE was born September 23, 1862, in Clark County, Ky. While still young in years, he became prominent as a lawyer, legislator, and business man, and in all the positions of honor and trust held by him he was conspicuous for his ability, integrity, and fidelity to those he represented.

He was my neighbor, friend, and colleague. We resided in adjoining counties, and I knew him from his youth to his death. When a boy he was a leader, and he was one of the best and brightest in his county. Educated at Winchester and Lexington, Ky., and graduated at the Columbia Law School, New York, he showed talents from the start far above the average man, and his popularity among men rapidly increased. When thirty years of age he was elected county judge of his native county, and at thirty-two he was elected a Representative in Congress. His parents loved and admired their gifted son, and he was the pride

and joy of his brothers and sisters, and the people among whom he lived and who knew him best believed there was no office of trust to which he might not confidently aspire and which he would not honor and adorn. Death is sad at all times, but it is doubly sad when the stricken one is young, able, accomplished, and full of promise.

In 1887 he was married to Miss Lizzie Bean, one of Kentucky's loveliest and most accomplished daughters.

Domestic in his tastes and affectionate in his disposition, his home was his sacred shrine. There his mild, genial nature received and reflected earth's truest love and richest joys. By a strange fate the happiness and sunshine of his married life was sadly dispelled on the very day which he had looked forward to and hoped for with so much pride and pleasure. On the 4th of March, 1895, being the first day of his Congressional term, his wife died. This terrible bereavement came upon him suddenly; but he bore it with the manful courage for which he has been conspicuous, and he was soothed and sustained by his faith as a Christian. A bright and handsome son, Ernest Claiborne Lisle, survives his parents, and he is all that is left of a little family which but a short time ago was blessed with happiness, hope, and love to the fullest extent.

Mr. Speaker, there is no fairer forum in the world than the House of Representatives of the United States. Here men are judged not by the offices they have held, not by the splendor of their ancestry, not by the honor and renown they have already achieved, not by the glamour of a conspicuous civil or military career, but they are judged by what they do here—by the capacity, fidelity, and honesty with which they discharge the varied and responsible duties

of Representatives in the American Congress. In this great forum questions are discussed and measures enacted which concern the destinies of the Republic, and he who as a representative of the people wins their approbation and advances their welfare, and helps to promote the great interests of the Republic, is not only a worthy and faithful public servant, but he has done that which in all ages and in all countries has merited and received lasting honors and continued veneration and respect.

It was on the 7th of August, 1893, that Judge LISLE first took the oath of office and commenced his active duties as a Representative in Congress. It is not my purpose to follow him through all the varied duties of his high and responsible station; but serving with him daily and studying with him the same problems, I with pleasure testify to his excellence and splendid service.

As a Representative in Congress he was diligent in the discharge of his duties, faithful to his constituents, earnest and unswerving in the support of measures which he believed to be proper and right. He accepted public service as a serious and important commission, and met its demand with a strong and constant sense of responsibility and duty.

He had the respect and confidence of all who knew him in public life, and his affability and attractive manners made him welcome at the Executive Mansion, at the offices of the members of the Cabinet, in the Senate, and in the House of Representatives. Few members of Congress have ever accomplished in so short a time more than he did in legislative affairs and for the benefit of his constituents.

His Democracy was as steadfast and as immovable as the mountains of the district he represented and loved so well,

and he always worked for the supremacy of his party and the equal rights of the people. He loved justice, truth, and honor, and was never happier than when doing something to elevate mankind, advance the cause of education, promote Christianity, and give progress and improvement to his country.

"The Pantheon of America is in the hearts of the people." We need in this Republic no national temple dedicated to the dead in which to place the images of our patriots and statesmen. The admiration and love of the American heart will always preserve the memory of our great and good men. Their deeds, their services, their memorials will be treasured forever in history and biography and handed down from sire to son; and a people who govern themselves, and who are therefore prepared to appreciate and properly value their faithful public servants, will never allow their services to be forgotten or their memories to be unhonored.

The people of the county in which Judge LISLE was born and reared, and the people of the Congressional district which he represented so faithfully, will always cherish and honor his memory and be grateful for his earnest and successful efforts in their behalf; and all who knew him will remember with pride that his life was full of usefulness and love for his fellow-men, that he served his country faithfully and ably, and that he died in the Christian faith.

Earth, that all too soon has bound him,
  Gently wrap his clay;
Linger lovingly around him
  Light of dying day.

ADDRESS OF MR. LUCAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: An occasion like this is always solemn and sets men to thinking of the future, reviewing the past, and considering the present. The duties and busy cares of life so engross the mind as to keep it unprepared for the great change that sooner or later comes to every human soul. It is always a sadder sight to behold the fall of a useful, talented, and beloved citizen in the bright sunshine of manhood than it is at the age of three-score or perchance with ten added years. MARCUS C. LISLE was just entering his prime in years and in usefulness when summoned to surrender all. At the age of thirty-two his labors ceased, he laid his mantle down, and passed to the great beyond.

My acquaintance with Mr. LISLE was only slight, I having met him for the first time in the Pensions Committee room in September, 1893. His every appearance at that time indicated that he was in poor health, yet his mind was strong and clear. His grasp of the vital parts of questions he was called to pass upon showed that he was systematic and thorough in his business methods. As time went on, and I came to know him better, I was impressed with his keen sense of justice, breadth of mind, and high sense of devotion to public as well as private interests.

The kindly and unpretending deportment of Mr. LISLE was noticeable, and won for him many friends among those with whom he had only a very slight acquaintance. That he possessed natural and acquired ability of a high order is proven by the preferment awarded him by the people among

whom he was born and grew into manhood. As I witnessed the throng of people who followed his remains to the tomb, saw the evidences of grief, and heard the words of sorrow spoken at his home in the beautiful city of Winchester, Ky., I was convinced that a good man had fallen. I was told by many of his neighbors that he ranked high as a lawyer for one of his age, and that those who knew him best predicted a successful career for him. His integrity and high sense of honor were marked characteristics of his professional life—true to his client, true to the court, and a lover of justice and equal rights.

Men of such sterling qualities of head and heart are needed in the national halls of legislation. Men who are strong factors in public affairs can illy be spared, and when cut down they are sincerely mourned. As I understood Mr. LISLE, he was a man of the people, and never forgot his duty to their interests. While a leader, he was also a student as well as a teacher. In his labors as a public servant in the courts of justice and halls of legislation he did not neglect the interests of the holy sanctuary or his duties as a Christian gentleman.

The human mind is ambitious, and that restless ambition has wrought out the splendid progress and achievements of the world. This planet is the field for action and toil, and the patient, industrious toiler whose guiding star is the right never fails to gather his reward. Everyone has duties to perform in securing the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of his fellow-men and exalting the destinies of the race. As the aged approach the close of life a wise provision of nature has decreed that there shall be less activity and more contemplation. As the energies of life relax their

hold upon the cherished things of an earlier manhood the mind forgets the struggles and contentions of life and draws nearer to the God of our creation.

It is hope and fond desire, trusting faith, that enable the soul to adopt the words of the poet, who declared:

> The great world's altar-stairs
> Slope through darkness up to God.

The impress of MARCUS C. LISLE'S quiet, dignified, and correct life, brief as it was, has been left upon the history of his State and the nation, and it is one that may well be emulated. The world is better because of his having lived and been active in it for a third of a century. His Christian faith taught him to believe—

> There is no death; the stars go down
> To shine upon a fairer shore,
> And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
> They shine for evermore.

ADDRESS OF MR. BERRY.

Mr. SPEAKER: The frequency with which death has invaded the roll of the Fifty-third Congress is most remarkable. In the other end of the Capitol at this moment memorial addresses are being delivered on a distinguished Senator from North Carolina, while here we pause from the turbulent proceedings of this body to say a word in kind remembrance of a worthy Representative from Kentucky. Within the last two years a dozen members of this Congress out of four hundred and forty-four have had the cold hand of death laid upon them.

Nature proclaims to us in all its phases that death is the sequence of life. The opening buds of spring, the full fruition of summer, we know are to be followed by the falling leaves of autumn. It is natural to find the decaying tree falling before the storm, rather than the young and sturdy growth. It seemed consistent with the laws of Providence that one who had seen thirty years of service upon this floor should be called to his final account, as was the case with the Representative from Pennsylvania; but that Kentucky should have taken from her list the youngest, just entering upon a career that promised great usefulness to the State and country, as did MARCUS LISLE, only thirty-two years old, was unnatural. It only remains to us to say the ways of Providence are inscrutable. MARCUS LISLE developed in youth a love for learning, and after securing a liberal education he prosecuted most successfully the study of law, and was elected to the very responsible position of

county judge of Clark County, in which place he won the respect and confidence of the entire community. He naturally sought a wider field in which to display his ability and to utilize his enlarged education. He was elected to Congress.

He came to Washington to attend the last inaugural festivities, but was suddenly called home by the alarming illness of his young wife, from which she died, leaving him with but one child—a little boy. His own health at this time was much impaired, and yet he felt that his duty called him here, saddened as he was by domestic affliction.

He made many warm and devoted friends among his new associates upon this floor, but that insidious disease, consumption, had taken a firm hold upon him, and his constitution was yielding to its inroads. He fought it with a heroism worthy of a better fate. He came day after day to this Chamber from a sense of duty to his constituents, and, often exhausted and worn out, would rest himself upon a sofa when he should have been in his room; and not until he knew recovery was impossible would he permit his family to be sent for. With great care and skillful treatment he was finally strengthened sufficiently to go back to his home in the blue-grass region of Kentucky he loved so well, to end his life among the scenes of his childhood.

As one of the pallbearers appointed from this body I went to Winchester, Ky., to be present at his obsequies. The whole community for miles around were gathered there, manifesting their respect and esteem for their honored Representative without regard to politics. There were the old antebellum darkies in their peculiar dress, with tears on their cheeks, as well as the most distinguished men, to do

him honor. Beside his grave stood his only child, too young to appreciate his loss.

To my fellow-members from Kentucky allow me to say, if we would do that which would please the deceased most, let us have a kindly care for the welfare of that bright child as he comes along in life, and fit him, if possible, to take the place of his noble, brave, and generous father.

ADDRESS OF MR. DRAPER.

Mr. SPEAKER: I had but a slight personal acquaintance with MARCUS C. LISLE, but I am glad to take this opportunity of paying a brief tribute to his memory.

I met him early in the first session of this Congress, I think, for the only time, but I well remember his most cordial greeting, because of my connection with his native State.

For this same reason, perhaps, I was selected as one of the committee to represent this House at his funeral, and I had opportunity to note the respect and esteem in which he was held by his neighbors and constituents. All business in his home town of Winchester was suspended on the day of his funeral obsequies, and the entire population seemed to unite in a last tribute to his memory.

His life was cut off before he had reached the age when men may ordinarily expect to arrive at honors; but his ability and the appreciation of his fellow-citizens are shown by the fact that at the early age of thirty-two he had held the position of county judge, besides being elected a member of this House. I will not enlarge upon the theme, but will leave it to gentlemen whose acquaintance was closer and whose knowledge of his career in detail is greater than mine.

I have been greatly impressed with the mortality of this Congress. Not to mention the Senate, eleven members of this House have gone to their last resting place since the assembling of the Fifty-third Congress. Several of them were intimate friends of mine, and nearly all were men who

seemed as likely as any of us who remain to fill positions of honor and usefulness for many years to come.

These losses emphasize to each of us the lesson of the poet:

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 7th day of July, A. D. 1894, MARCUS C. LISLE, a Representative in this Congress from the Tenth district of Kentucky, departed this life at his home in Winchester, in that State. When our colleague, Governor McCreary, announced his death to the House it conveyed to the friends of the deceased information which, while it saddened them, was not unexpected. His colleagues had known for months that he had been engaged in a struggle for existence, had waged earnest warfare with a dread disease, but they had hoped that the skill of the physician and the loving care of the members of his domestic circle might conquer the enemy and spare for years of usefulness the bright young life of their associate and friend.

But this was not to be. Stricken down at his post of duty, reluctantly Mr. LISLE left the scene of his labors here and journeyed to his home. It so happened that, returning from the sick room of a dear relative, the train which bore me eastward met the one which was carrying him homeward. I went to his side for a brief moment to clasp his hand in friendship and to say to him words of comfort, of encouragement, and of hope. It was the last time I ever heard the voice or grasped the hand of MARCUS C. LISLE. It was his fate never to return to his labors here. In the quietude of his home, conscious of his approaching end, he arranged his earthly affairs and waited for the summons to the world beyond. When that summons came it found him prepared to journey to—

> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveler returns.

Of him it could be said:

> Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
> Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
> From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd;
> Thank'd Heav'n that he had lived, and I that he died.

It is sad, Mr. Speaker, to think that so promising a career as that of our colleague was brought to so untimely an end. He was young—not yet thirty-two years of age—yet he had reached positions that others during the years of a long life could not hope to attain. He had won the love and respect of the people among whom he was born and reared, and by their affectionate hands the laurel of honor had been twined about his youthful brow.

He had been a leader among his people; he towered above his fellows. If indeed Death loves to select as his victim one whose loss would be the most severely felt and whose taking off would bring the most of sorrow and of pain—if it be true that the relentless archer chooses "a shining mark," he made no mistake in his victim when he selected MARCUS C. LISLE. He had barely reached manhood. The days of his youth, although behind him, were yet in view; but when others of his age were still thinking of the follies, delights, and pleasures incident to youth he had not only assumed the duties and responsibilities of adult life but had won the objects of laudable ambition. Life had been to him "real and earnest," and he had worked out his destiny with a determined will and a brave heart. Educated in the common schools of his native county and in the University of Kentucky, he selected the profession of the law for his life work and had qualified himself to enter the practice after graduating at the Columbia Law School in New York.

The bar of the county seat of his native county was full of bright, able lawyers, who had by their learning and eloquence attained high rank in the Commonwealth, but he bravely determined to try his fortunes as a lawyer among the people with whom he was reared. He speedily acquired practice, won the regard of his brother lawyers and the respect of the bench. Indeed, so favorably was he received and so popular did he become, that before he had been three years at the bar he was made the judge of the rich, populous, and cultured county of Clark, having been elected in 1890 to that office for the constitutional term of four years. It was a deserved tribute to his popularity, his learning, and ability. So well did he discharge the duties of his office that his popularity increased, his reputation spread, he became known throughout the section of Kentucky where he resided, and after but two years of service on the bench—only half of his time—he was selected by the Democratic party of the sixteen counties of the Tenth Congressional district as its candidate for a seat in this body, and this nomination was followed by his election in November, 1892. The condition of the country compelled the convening of this Congress in extraordinary session in August, 1893, and, in obedience to the proclamation of the President, Mr. LISLE appeared with his colleagues in this Chamber to enter upon the active discharge of his duty as a Representative of the people. He was one of the youngest of those sent here by the people. He was but a boy compared with the vast majority of those who, standing in front of the Speaker, took upon themselves the solemn obligation of membership.

Mr. Speaker, it is well worthy the ambition of any man to aspire to a place in this legislative body, where his voice and vote may be potential in shaping the destiny of the greatest Republic of the world. It is the highest honor the people of a district can confer on one of its citizens. To attain it is the ambition of many. It is a high and honorable station. It is an evidence of the regard of the people—their testimony to the standing and the ability of the recipient. To reach this position was long the ambition of Mr. LISLE. As he stood in front of the Speaker's desk he had a right to feel proud. His ambition was gratified; by his own exertions, by the force of his intellect, through his own merits, he had won this high distinction.

Doubtless he had hoped, all through the struggles of the past, that she who had linked her fate with his, who had been by his side since his early manhood, who had shared his sorrows and divided his joys, his beloved wife, might be a spectator of the scene in which he was then taking part. She had stood by his side when shouts of "victory" rent the air and he was the triumphant victor in "the battle of the ballots;" but relentless Death had snatched her from his side, and the proud hour of triumph was saddened by the thought that she, his beloved one, could not be a witness of his entrance on this floor as a Representative of the people who had so honored him.

We who knew MARCUS LISLE well saw how changed he was after this terrible blow. He never recovered his happy, buoyant spirits, but thereafter passed saddened days, and soon followed her into the world beyond.

Alas! MARCUS LISLE never after his entrance into this body had strength enough to take an active part in its proceedings. He had little opportunity to mingle with his

associates on this floor; but those who met him learned to love him for his many noble traits of character, and had not disease and death come to him his talents and ability would have made themselves known and felt, and his career would have added to his fame and redounded to the benefit of his country; but it was ordered otherwise.

> He gave his honors to the world again,
> His blessed part to Heaven, and slept
> In peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. PENCE.

Mr. SPEAKER: I regret that I have no prepared words to offer on this occasion. I could not, however, resist the kind invitation of my friend, Governor McCreary of Kentucky, extended to me a few moments ago, that I should take part in these ceremonies.

I had not known MARCUS C. LISLE until the day he took the oath of office at the opening session of the Fifty-third Congress. That was our first meeting. Within a few days we had become well acquainted with each other. Certain domestic ties soon brought us close together. I am not a Kentuckian, but am so related to Kentuckians that all of them have seemed to be kindly disposed toward me.

Our age was nearly the same, and a natural fellowship soon sprang up between us. A more generous spirit I am sure I have never had the pleasure of meeting. From the beginning it was evident that he lacked the strength and the vigor that come with health; and he became a kind of counsellor among the younger members of this body. He, like all of the House, was grateful for the consideration shown us.

Day after day, in the committee room, or perchance here in this Hall, a few of us would gather together and talk on subjects under discussion, and urge, inasmuch as the older members of the House had shown so courteous and kindly a disposition to those who were new here, that he should enter the lists; but with native modesty he would always answer to the effect that he hardly felt confidence enough to yet obtrude his opinions on the House. Such

conversations, however, never ended without his giving us kindly suggestions and advancing propositions of which some of the rest could subsequently make use.

So it came to pass, Mr. Speaker, that frequently in the early discussions of the Fifty-third Congress ideas were uttered here upon this floor that had been prompted by Mr. LISLE in private conversations; and if the truth could be known, many of the things which have attracted to some extent the attention of the House and of the country, and have received, perhaps, much approval, really should have been accredited to him.

I have said, a more generous spirit I never met. That is true. There was nothing of selfishness in his character. He seemed to take pride in the advancement that others were receiving.

Someone (I think it was James Whitcomb Riley) wrote a poem in which he used these words:

> I know some men who lay and wait,
> And get up soon and stay up late
> To catch some feller they can hate
> For going with a faster gait.

None of that spirit existed in the character of our late friend, Mr. LISLE. He was a good friend and a kindly adviser; a man of a genial and lovable character.

To his friends and to his native State his death is a most substantial loss; but when the summons came he answered it without a murmur, and followed his dear ones to the other land.

Mr. Speaker, our State did not know him, but our people knew of his kindly character and of his good will to our section, and in their behalf I join in the expression of sincere regret at his untimely death.

ADDRESS OF MR. BECKNER.

Mr. SPEAKER: We are all walking on the thin ice of a Lethean lake whose depths no mortal power can measure. It will sooner or later ingulf every human being, and to the great majority the final catastrophe will be reached without warning or even an intimation that it is near. To others, however, bodily infirmities herald death long before it might be expected in the usual course of nature. The young man in whose memory these services are held knew for years that his days were numbered, and in his waking hours could ever hear the hoof beats of the pale horse in a race which he realized from the start he could not win. It was death in life with him from the time he entered this House until the closing scene.

Consumption and Bright's disease had begun their combined assaults upon his system and there could be no escape. His was not a craven spirit, however, and he made a struggle that was as heroic as it was hopeless. Shortly after he had reached home last spring I called to see him, and as I arose to take my leave asked if I could in any way serve him. "I am very much obliged," he answered cheerily, "but I am fighting Death, and it is a struggle in which none can help me." He had rallied somewhat under the balmy influences of our Kentucky spring, and was beginning to think that the end which had seemed so near when he left Washington might after all be for a while deferred.

MARCUS CLAIBORNE LISLE was born on the 23d day of September, 1862, in Clark County, Ky., within a few miles

of the historic spot where Boone made the settlement which bore his name.

It is a beautiful portion of the border land between the far-famed blue-grass and a not less worthy region. He had the usual experience of a country-bred boy in attending the district school and working on a farm until almost grown, when he had a limited academic training at Winchester, the county seat.

After attending Kentucky University, at Lexington, where he was a classmate of our worthy Chaplain, he was for a while a student of the law in my office, and closed the preparation for his professional career at Columbia College, in the city of New York. It was not long after he had been admitted to the bar before he was elected by a most complimentary vote to the office of county judge, a position of much honor and responsibility under the system which prevails in Kentucky, and one peculiarly to be desired by a young man beginning to practice law.

Soon after he had finished his professional education he married Miss Lizzie Bean, a member of one of our oldest and most respected families, and beyond doubt one of the gentlest and most charming girls that favoring nature and careful culture could produce. The future seemed to have in store for him nothing but prosperity and happiness until disease marred the flattering prospect. In the fall of 1890 he went to Colorado, hoping beneath the bright skies and amid the bracing atmosphere of that elevated region to regain the health which it was then evident he had lost. He rallied, but it was merely a respite.

Returning in the spring of 1891, he resumed the discharge of his official duties. It was plainly to be seen,

however, by those most intimate with him that he would never fully recover. He was not himself deceived as to his condition. Hon. J. W. Kendall, at the time a member of this House from the Tenth district of Kentucky, died in March, 1892. When I first heard that Judge LISLE had it in mind to offer for the unexpired term I went to see him, and suggested that the son would most probably want to succeed his father, with a sentiment in his favor that would make his candidacy well-nigh irresistible.

"Yes," he replied, decisively; "I understand all that most fully, but it has been the ambition of my life to have a seat in Congress, and if not gratified at once it will never be, as the condition of my health is such that I can not hope to live very long." He did not succeed in that effort, but in the summer of 1892 was nominated, and in November elected to fill the term now drawing to a close. He seemed to gather strength from the canvass, but as soon as the excitement had subsided and the effects of the vigorous exercise and the constant exposure to sun and air incident to an active race had worn away he began again to droop.

His gentle, loving wife died about the time his term of office began, which gave a perceptible impetus to a decline already painfully apparent. A heroic will, however, enabled him to rally from the effects of this bereavement, and held him up through the strain and struggle not to be avoided by a Representative trying to do his duty toward the men who looked to him to see that they were not ignored in the distribution of the patronage of a new Administration elected by the party to which he belonged.

He was zealous and diligent, although never well, and rarely really able to undertake what he so energetically did. He took his seat at the extra session, and, like the man that

he was, followed the course which his conscience and judgment approved, although in opposition sometimes to the views and wishes of many whose opinions he most highly prized. He continued to come to this Hall long after his strength had so far failed that it would not have been a discredit to him had he quit the field and surrendered to an enemy he could not then reasonably hope to vanquish.

In the spring of 1894 he was compelled to take to his bed, but would not distress his friends by apprising them of the serious nature of his condition until death seemed very near indeed. By rallying all his strength, he was able to reach his home early in May, but, ill as he was, he would not give up his candidacy for a renomination until he had become so weak that he could not even dictate the letters he had never ceased to send over the district with a view to organizing and rallying his friends.

Early in July last he wrote in no gloomy mood to his secretary, whom he had left in charge of his affairs at Washington, to send him without delay the draft for the June installment of his salary, as it would be the last he would ever call for and he did not want his administrator to be annoyed with so small a matter so far away from home. Early in the morning of July 7 he ceased to breathe, and his spirit took its flight—whither, do you ask? Human wisdom can not tell, although it has been diligently inquiring throughout all the ages. We must accept the answer that faith gives. There is no other.

> But whither went his soul, let such relate
> Who search the secrets of the future state.
> Divines can say but what themselves believe,
> Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative.
> For were all plain, then all sides must agree,
> And faith itself be lost in certainty.

How many in their anguish have uttered the cry expressed by the late poet laureate in Maud:

> Ah, Christ, that it were possible
> For one short hour to see
> The souls we loved, that they might tell us
> What and where they be.

When Secundus was asked by Hadrian what was death, he replied:

> It is a sleep eternal; the body's dissolution; the rich man's fear; the poor man's refuge; an event inevitable; an uncertain journey; a thief that steals away man; sleep's father; life's flight; the departure of the living and the resolution of all.

Shakespeare has spoken of "our little life" as being "rounded with a sleep," and makes Hamlet say:

> To die; to sleep;
> To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.

When David declares, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep," it may be the license of the poet; but when God announces to Moses, "Behold, thou shalt sleep with thy fathers," it can reasonably be taken as meaning nothing else than the condition in which he would be after death. Lazarus had been dead four days, and had been placed in the tomb, wrapped, as was the custom of the Jews, so that breathing was impossible. Yet, after the Master had learned all of this, He said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" and St. John significantly adds, "Howbeit, Jesus spake of his death." So also, when He appeared at the house of Jairus, the Saviour assured the ruler of the synagogue that his daughter was "not dead, but sleepeth;" and when He called her to life again, Luke significantly records that "her spirit came again."

But the chronicler of the acts and words of the Son of God does not vouchsafe to tell us whither the spirit of the young girl had gone ere it "came again."

This is the tremendous mystery we so yearn to fathom.

All that humanity can get of its solution is a glimpse.

That death comes we know. That there will be a judgment we believe. What our state will be between these momentous events even revelation does not make clear.

Whether there be a hades or a sheol or a purgatory, or whether the soul in truth slumbers until the resurrection trump shall call all the dead simultaneously from their graves, is something we can not find out in this life. And after all, what does it matter? In the eternity of God the ages between the killing of Abel and the day of judgment, if it be at the same time for all, will not amount to so much as does a single night's repose in the economy of our mortal lives.

It is this uncertainty as to what shall be after death that makes us incompetent to decide whether life, with its tears, its toil, its temptations, its troubles, its trials, its turmoil, its travail, and its tribulations, be really worth living. Were it not for this darkness beyond the tomb how many more would cease to bear the ills they have and fly either to the rest or to the new life, or even to annihilation, which would be preferable to the struggle here below. As it is—

> The weariest and most loathed worldly life
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

Of course the Christian has his faith to strengthen him and the brave man has the courage to continue in the discharge of duty, but every rational being in normal condition must look with dread upon the transition from life to

death. It is a blessed provision that affliction and disease in some degree reconcile us to the final change. Much as Judge LISLE yearned for health and no doubt preferred to live, yet I never heard him express a tremor or a fear, or even repine or complain of the fate which for years he felt sure was not far off.

In the introduction to the Republic, Plato makes Cephalus say:

> Be assured, Socrates, that when a man is nearly persuaded that he is going to die he feels concerned about things which never affected him before. Till then he has laughed at those stories about the departed which tell us that he who has done wrong here must suffer for it in the other world; but now his mind is disturbed by the fear that these stories may possibly be true, and, either owing to the infirmities of old age or because he is nearer to the confines of a future state, he has a clearer insight into these mysteries. However that may be, he becomes fuller of misgiving and apprehension, and sets himself to the task of calculating and reflecting whether he has done any wrong to anyone. Hereupon, if he finds his life full of unjust deeds, he is apt to start out of sleep in terror, as children do, and he lives haunted by gloomy anticipations. But if his conscience reproaches him with no injustice, he enjoys the abiding presence of sweet Hope—that "kind nurse of old age," as Pindar calls it.

Shakespeare, in Henry VI, has in fewer words expressed the same thought:

> Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
> Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

Judged by these considerations, Mr. LISLE certainly was conscious of no cause for reproach, as life closed quietly with him, and there was in his last hours no indication of remorse or dread. He had not lived what we call a religious life, but had always entertained a profound reverence for God and his revealed religion.

The inward monitor, a reflective temperament, much reading, and his strong, hard sense had, during the years when young men are so prone to lose sight of the hereafter in their eagerness to enjoy the present, brought him to

about that condition as to religion so strikingly expressed by Lucretius:

> Religion does not consist of turning unceasingly toward the veiled stone, nor in approaching all the altars, nor in throwing one's self prostrate on the ground, nor in raising the hands before the habitations of the gods, nor in deluging the temples with the blood of beasts, nor in heaping vows upon vows, but in beholding all with a peaceful soul.

In the spring of 1893 he joined the Presbyterian Church, of which his wife had been a member, and accepted in deep sincerity the faith which, worldly man that he had been, he felt was so potent an element in her gracious character.

Our relations were at all times in his latter years as intimate as they could have been, considering the disparity in ages and somewhat different tastes.

A short time before he died we were talking about his experience in Washington, and I asked as to whether he had taken any part in the work of the House. He replied that he had attended committee meetings when he could, but that he was rarely able to remain long in his seat, owing to his feebleness and the drafts and imperfect ventilation of this Hall. He added that sometimes he would grow so weak he was not sure whether he was in the land of the living, or whether the figures he saw passing about were the spirits of the illustrious dead who have played their parts here as we are now doing and have gone the way we will shortly follow. I am not of those, Mr. Speaker, who believe that power has been given to anyone here below to have communication with the departed, but the wisest and most thoughtful in all ages and under every system of religion have believed what the devout Milton has so impressively expressed:

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

What an influence such a conviction must have on our thoughts and actions. Many a time, when vice has allured me or passion has stirred the sea of my soul, I have imagined that I saw standing beyond vice or rising above the storm of passion the form of that dear being who, amid all the struggles of an impoverished widowhood, cherished no hope in life so sweet as that her son might enjoy advantages she did not have; that he might be able to secure the comforts she could not give him, and that he might so live as to be of service to his fellow-men, whose sorrows and misfortunes so touched her sympathetic heart, and immediately there came the strength and the calm which no other influence could have brought.

At the organization of the House when it met in August, 1893, Judge LISLE sought a place on the Committee on Arid Lands, because he had faith that in the hereafter the vast territory now useless for any purpose by reason of its want of water can by means of irrigation be made a rich domain, capable of supporting the overflowing population that will so sadly need it in an era that lies before us. He was ambitious to be identified with the regeneration of these possessions now so worthless to the Government, but fraught with such possibilities to the people of the future. His mind always had a practical cast and his sympathies were ever with inquiry and progress. He took a broad, liberal view of all questions that came before him, and believed this to be the best and greatest age of the world.

He was an ardent lover of his country and its institutions and was in heartiest sympathy with that younger America whose mission it is to plant the banner of "Excelsior" on heights still farther toward the rising sun. He had a

profound respect for the Constitution, but would never have been of those who regard it as a penny whistle to be blown in every market place. He looked upon it rather to be revered as a grand organ designed to give forth its almost divine music in the vast cathedral of human liberty wherein the whole earth shall finally worship.

He was also while here a member of the Committee on Pensions, and had he lived would have dealt generously with the old soldiers of the Union, although reared under influences intensely Southern during the war between the States. The passions and prejudices of the war did not stir him because it was merely history so far as he was concerned, and its memories brought to his mind no personal experiences. Before going upon the bench Judge LISLE was for some time the owner of the Winchester Democrat, the leading journal of his county, and edited it with no little force and ability. He had been a diligent student of history and had thoughtfully read the best of our standard literature, and wrote with ease and precision.

He loved politics, as every intelligent patriot ought to do, and found no employment so congenial as that of mingling with public men and exchanging views with them concerning the passing occurrences of the day. He had fixed convictions, but was ever tolerant of the views of others. On his father's side he was of a stock that ran back to the Huguenots, who loved religion and liberty as sincerely as did the Puritans, and allowed other men the same freedom of conscience they had sought for themselves and their posterity in this Western World.

His mother was a Hampton, and was connected with the illustrious family that has so great a place in the history of

South Carolina. She was also closely related to Governor Routt, who has been so prominent in the history of Colorado. He leaves one child, an interesting boy of six, who is amply provided with this world's goods, and, what is better still, has loving and affectionate relatives admirably fitted to care for his proper rearing. Judge LISLE was courteous and considerate in manner, prudent and thoughtful in conversation, possessed of rare tact in dealing with his fellows, and had the power to draw about him warm and devoted friends. He had his faults, of course, and also his enemies, as every positive man must have, but the resentments of those whom he may have offended have no doubt passed away, and certainly I am not their spokesman.

I do not think anyone well acquainted with him, whatever his feelings may have been, will take issue with me when I apply to him the lines of the great poet:

> His years but young, but his experience old;
> His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
> And, in a word (for far behind his worth
> Come all the praises that I now bestow),
> He was complete in feature and in mind,
> With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

The people in whose midst he was born and reared, and to whom he never looked in vain for support, will long regard with pride his brief but brilliant career, and I shall ever hold in fond remembrance the fact that such a man was my friend. I regret, Mr. Speaker, that I can not crown his memory with a wreath of immortelles rather than with this feeble but none the less sincere tribute of affectionate regard.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE.

Mr. SPEAKER: It seems but yesterday that a bright, happy young couple from the beautiful county of Clark, in the blue-grass section of my State, came to the city of Washington on their wedding tour; and both being children of my friends, reared among my acquaintances and comrades, I naturally tried to make their visit pleasant. It is a pathetic end of the story that I stand here now to lay a tribute of sincere friendship and of no less sincere admiration upon the grave of that young groom. It was a striking life which he lived—lawyer, editor, judge, Repreresentative in Congress, buried at thirty-two. Of how few can these simple but comprehensive phrases be used?

I know that county, Mr. Speaker, and I have known it since my earliest manhood. Many of its citizens were my comrades during the late war; many have been my clients during a busy life as lawyer; most have been my friends. It is a noble community, in which a man must be molded for usefulness. The influences which control one born in that exquisite county and surrounded by those people have always been good. If they become inwrought into his life, he is in every sense of the word a man. He who rises to power among these strong and stalwart people has much in him. They are not led by lambs. Their leaders are not cowards. It takes a true and superb manhood to rise to eminence among them. He to whom they give their confidence, upon whom they place their esteem, must be like unto themselves; and when this eminence is achieved at a time when men are ordinarily only beginning life, it is the

highest demonstration that he who has thus succeeded must have had much in him.

He sprang from a family one of the most stalwart I ever knew; men of vigor, of force, of character; men who in every condition of life make their mark. In some respects he was unlike them. There was a gentleness of manner, a sweetness of disposition, which must have come from some female ancestor, and which were not always shown by his male relatives in the struggles and conflicts of life. He was always and under all circumstances the kind and courteous gentleman. No matter, though he was physically so weak as hardly to know whether the spirit was on this or the other side of the invisible line, he was ever courteous to those with whom he came in contact. And yet he was always courageous. Neither in life nor in death did friend or enemy ever see aught that did not prove that his spirit was undaunted. I am not surprised at what his and my friend has said proceeded from him—that he was "in a struggle with death"—and that he said it cheerfully as well as bravely. For, no matter who the enemy was, MARK LISLE would meet him with the smile of a knight and the courage of a Puritan.

I knew him excellently well, considering the disparity in our years, and I looked upon him with that hopefulness with which men who are passing middle age begin to consider the rising and promising young friends around them. There is a sort of belief that we who are older look upon younger men as rivals; that we are envious of their distinction. It is not so, Mr. Speaker. No man feels so much of kindness toward a promising young man as one who is just passing the period of middle age. We want to know that

better men are to take our places, stronger men to wield the scepter of the next generation, abler men to lead the destinies of the people we love, loftier patriots to be trusted with our country.

No man can look to the younger generation more anxiously than we who are passing from it. I know as a matter of personal feeling I never hear of a young man doing aught in Kentucky that I do not regard him with an affectionate hopefulness that there shall be in the generation of to-morrow men like Clay and Crittenden and Marshall and Preston—men trained under the influences of noble traditions and, if possible, nobler actualities; men animated by the spirit of to-day, yet reverent with the traditions of yesterday; men in whose hearts live all that is best of the past, to be used to make the future better.

It was this feeling, commingled with personal friendship for him and his, that made welcome his success in his venture to be a Representative on this floor. I look forward to the advent of every young man as an event upon which we may congratulate ourselves; and as I look around this House, when it is full, my eyes do not rest most upon the gray-headed men who are soon to pass away, but upon the young men, the men who have hardly yet reached the fullness of early manhood; the men from the West, like my friend from Colorado [Mr. Pence]; the men like him from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan], or from Virginia, or from Arkansas, or from Texas, or elsewhere, who are not to be here simply for a day, but are to be to the future what Kelley and Randall and Cox and Morrison and Tucker were when I entered this House. And I lay upon the grave of my young friend this tribute, not merely of my affection, but of my

sorrow, that he could not have lived to show that he was worthy, in the development that would have come to him, to win honor and fame as well as to do well in this arena.

There was of all the lives that I have known more pathos in his public life than in any other. He married a girl in every way his equal, sprung from the same people, born his neighbor, educated at the best schools, blessed with uncommon personal attractions, as sweet as a morning in May, yet as strong as a harvest-creating day in summer. She was at once the radiance of his life, the repose of his heart, and the strength of his will. I happened to be near him when he received the dispatch that announced her approaching death; he told me also of the loss of the little child to whom she gave her life. And then he soon followed. Husband and wife and infant! And yet he is not gone, Mr. Speaker. All the development and achievement of the future, like the coral isles in the Pacific, become beautiful because they are based upon the innumerable mausoleums which we help to make—that foundation on which the glory, the prosperity, and the immortality of all that is good will rest forever.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Bretz). In accordance with the resolutions already adopted the House now stands adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

FEBRUARY 15, 1895.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. Towles, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House on the death of MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions just received from the House of Representatives may lie on the table. I give notice that at an early day I shall call up the resolutions and ask their consideration by the Senate, that proper tribute of respect may be paid to the memory of my deceased colleague in the other House from the State of Kentucky.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

Mr. LINDSAY. I desire to give notice that on Friday next, March 1, I shall call up the resolutions of the other House on the death of the Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

MARCH 1, 1895.

Mr. LINDSAY. Mr. President, notice was given a day or two since that to-day I should call up certain resolutions of the House of Representatives in respect to Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE. I now ask to have those resolutions read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Faulkner in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended, that his associates may be able to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished service.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall at the conclusion of these ceremonies adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. LINDSAY. Mr. President, I desire to offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. MARCUS C. LISLE, late a Representative from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That the sympathies of the members of the Senate be tendered to the family of Mr. LISLE in this bereavement, and that the Secretary of the Senate transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. LINDSAY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Hon. MARCUS CLAIBORNE LISLE, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Kentucky, was born in the year 1862. He was born in the midst of the civil war, and grew from childhood into manhood during that period of time in which old things were giving way to the new. He ripened into manhood well rounded, a man capable and anxious to take his part in the duties of life. Educated first at the common schools and then at the University of Kentucky, he graduated in the law department of Columbia University, and in 1887 commenced the practice of the law.

He never lived in any other county than that in which he was born. In 1890 he was made county judge of that county, and in 1892 he was elected a member of the other branch of Congress.

He was a success as a lawyer, and his short career as judge was characterized by ability and that high sense of justice which commended him in a very eminent degree to the consideration of his people. Almost a stranger to the district in which he resided, because it was made up in the main of the mountainous portion of Kentucky, he was taken up and elected to Congress by a most flattering majority. He came here full of hope and anticipation, but disease had taken hold upon him and his expectations of usefulness were disappointed, because almost within a year after his service commenced he had passed to the other side.

His health was such that he could not take an active part in legislation, but the zeal, the ardor, and the fidelity he

displayed gave evidence of the fact that under happier circumstances he would have made that mark in public life which was expected of him by his people. He clung to his duties to the very last, and died almost in his seat in the Hall of the other House.

Mr. LISLE was an upright, honest, and courageous man. He had the confidence, esteem, and affection of the people among whom he lived, and, although cut short in early manhood, he has left behind him a memory which will linger with those people so long as this generation shall last.

ADDRESS OF MR. MITCHELL OF OREGON.

Mr. PRESIDENT—

> "What is time?" I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
> Weary and worn and white with hoary hairs.
> "Time is the warp of life," he said.
> "Oh, tell the young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."

Such was the reflection of one who wrote more than a century ago. But how different in length, how unequal in strength, is this warp of life thus allotted by Providence to the children of men! To some it is but a fleeting moment; to others it marks the passing of a hundred years. In some cases the life and death of the infant are separated by but a single breath, while in others the span between the two is often marked by a busy, a fruitful, a useful life of four-score years and more. But these extremes by no means measure fitly the average duration or strength of this warp of human life. Almost as different are these as are the number of the children of the human family.

That all must die sooner or later is a fact beyond successful disputation. Just when each must die is a question no human intelligence can answer. This great problem is one wisely reserved for solution to Him alone by whose generosity we were permitted to be born, and by whose sufferance we are permitted to live. At best, however, life is a most unsubstantial thing. The very fact of the absolute uncertainty of its tenure is conclusive as to this.

The peopled cemeteries of departed centuries, where lie the speechless generations of the dead, remind us we are but transients upon the stage of life, and that very soon we

too must give place to the unborn generations, and take up our abode also in the gloomy chambers of the silent city. To-day we may with the living few seek the acclaim of men; to-morrow our names may be enrolled on the roster of that mightiest in number of all armies—that of the dead of all the past ages.

Too infrequent, perhaps, are these thoughts impressed upon us. Absorbed as we are with duties, public and private, we are not prone to consider questions other than those which relate to the present, and which concern only our temporal welfare. But occasionally—yes, frequently—our attention is arrested, a halt is called, as it has been in the case under consideration, by the great Director of the universe.

A young man and chosen Representative of the people of a great State, in the very morning of his existence as such Representative, with what seemed to be a bright and beckoning future, full of promise, full of reward, before him, is suddenly stricken down. The bell has been rung, the curtain lowered, and the light of a life full of hope, full of promise, has suddenly been extinguished; and we as his associates gather about his tomb, speak words of condolence to those whom he loved and those who loved him, and place upon his bier the benediction of the hearts of his late representative associates.

We are glad, however, in this testimonial to record the fact that MARCUS C. LISLE has left behind him a record of personal integrity, of individual worth, of which his late constituents, as well also as his countrymen at large, may well be proud. He has left a stainless character, a reputation without a scar. This indeed is to him, as it is to anyone,

an enduring monument of great worth. But although this is all so, it was destined that he should fall in the prime of life; yes, even—

Like as the damask rose you see;
Like as the blossom on the tree;
Like as the leafy flower of May;
Like as the morning of the day;
Like as the sun; like as the shade;
Like as the gourd which Jonah had—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so 'tis done.
Withers the rose; the blossom blasts;
The flower fades; the morning wastes;
The sun is set; the shadows fly;
The gourd's consumed, and mortals die.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLACKBURN.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the midst of the bustling lives that we lead it may not be amiss that from time to time a halt is called, coming, as it does in this case, from the hand of Omnipotence, to remind us that in a comparatively short time those of us who to-day are charged with public duties will have rendered to us or to our memories the friendly service that we tender now to one who was almost unknown in the council chambers of his country.

It is hard indeed to do justice to an occasion such as this. A young man, as you have been told by my colleague, born and reared in the center of one of the most cultivated, polished, and intelligent communities within the limits of my State, from his earliest boyhood he cherished but one political ambition, and that an honorable one, to be a member of the Federal councils of his country, and he was cut off when he had barely passed the age of thirty, having already entitled himself to the confidence of his people by the devotion he had shown and the ability he had displayed, whether as editor conducting an influential and potent journal in that section of Kentucky or upon the bench discharging judicial duties with such impartial hand and with such ability and fidelity as to commend him to still further advancement at the hands of his people.

At last the chance came to him, young as he was, to reach up and pluck the object of his long-cherished ambition. In that district, which had been famed for a hundred years by reason of the ability of those men whom it had commissioned to the Congress of this country, when but

little past thirty years of age, he was nominated, selected from a host of able and brilliant men, and sent to the other House of the Federal Congress freighted with the hopes and the ambitions of his people. Who will undertake to paint the warm and glowing pictures that dwelt before his mind when he contemplated the approach of the 4th of March, 1893, when, amidst the booming of cannon and the waving of flags and the shouts of assembled thousands, his party was to be reinstalled in power and he to enter upon the discharge of his duties as a lawmaker of this country.

And yet, Mr. President, that 4th of March to which he had been looking forward with such yearning was the black-letter day in his young life, for it was of that day that the pathetic portion of his story is to be told. While the inaugural ceremonies were in progress in this city, in the very hour in his career that promised so much of usefulness to his country and of satisfaction to his friends, the lovable, the loving, the worshiped wife was snatched from him and died upon that fatal day.

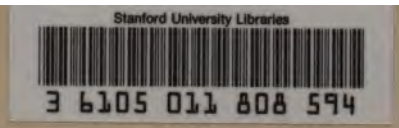
He followed quickly to join her on the other side. The pageant and the pomp had lost their attractions for him. No more the allurements of ambition could hold him to his moorings, battling as steadfastly and heroically as he had against the insidious disease that fastened upon his vitals. Though his courage survived, his love of life seemed to have faded out, and dread disease with steady and rapid progress moved on to the opening grave.

What he might have accomplished it is not for us to say. We can only claim on his behalf that, short as his life was, into the few years that were given him to live he had crowded more of success and of achievement than usually fall to the lot of gifted men.

We can not follow him farther than the grave, where loving hands consigned his mortal remains on the 9th day of last July. Human vision is not permitted to look beyond its narrow and darkened confines; but, recalling the splendid virtues that illustrated his life, remembering the generous and unselfish attributes that characterized his every act, not failing to remember that that life in all of its ambitions and aspirations had been devoted to the betterment of his kind, we can safely rest with abiding faith in the conviction that beyond that veil and in that other and unknown world, under the application of the eternal justice that rules within the kingdom of the Almighty, his freed soul stood fearless amid the scenes of its creation, ready and prepared to receive the judgment to be pronounced by the lips of its God. Believing, as we do, as a Christian people, that immutable and eternal justice constitutes the rule in that domain, his friends, his people, rest in assured hope that all is well with him.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the junior Senator from Kentucky

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.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